29 1
0.14.15.34

TWO

SPEECHES;

The One spoken by

Sir Audley Mervin,

SPEAKER

Of the Honourable

House of Commons,

Upon the Reception and Return of

JAMES;

Duke of *ORMOND*,

Lord-Lieutenant of *Ireland*,

July 27. 1662.

[The Other,

At his Graces Entrance into the Castle of *Dublin*,

By Mr. *NORRIS JEPHSON*.]

wanting

Published by Authority.

LONDON:

Printed for *Samuel Speed*, at the Rain-Bow in *Fleet-street*, near the Inner Temple-Gate. 1662.

TWO

SPEECHES;

The One Spoken by

Sir Audley Mervin,

SPEAKER

Of the Honourable

House of Commons,

Upon the Reception and Return of

422-14

JAMES,

Duke of ORMOND,

Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland,

July 27. 1662.

The Other,

At his Graces Entrance into the Castle of Dublin,

By Mr. YORKIS JEPHSON.

Published by Authority.

LONDON:

Printed for Samuel Speed, at the Rain-Bow in Fleet-Street, near the Inner Temple-Gate. 1662.

Sir AUDLEY MERVIN'S

SPEECH.

May it please your Grace:

IT was truely said, *In Numero, Pondere, & Mensura creavit Deus Omnia.* His Majesty, Gods Vicegerent, intending a new Creation to this poor Kingdome, (for who knows not the Chaos we have been involved in?) hath assembled these honourable Persons that now attend your Grace, *in Numero*, representing the Commons of this Kingdome, *in Pondere*, qualified with Judgement and Experience to treat and advise about the weighty Affairs thereof; *in Mensura*, according to their Mite, offering to his Majesty *Measure prest down, and running over.* This Assembly hath Commanded me, (O that I could wave this word *Command*, my own Inclination leading me to the ready performance of this Duty! but I must not) I have received their Command,

mand, a ſtrict one; they have left me no Diſcretionary Latitude; they have intruſted me with a rich Jewel to preſent your Grace, and onely recommended the modelling the Caſe of it unto me: and this under a Limitation too; for they know that Logick ſits at the Forge and Hammer, Rhetorick at the File and Poliſhing; and this in favour of the Laws, they have forbid me; knowing *I* ought not to practiſe in that Myſtery wherein *I* have not ſerved out my time. And though this be *Una*, it is not *Unica ratio*; for Truth, and ſuch a Truth as muſt be ſtampt by the Authority of the Houſe, they judge according to the Rules of Heraldry, it muſt be emblazoned in a plain Coat. Next, *Sir*, the Houſe in this Addreſs follows not the track of common Principles; for that Beauty of the Univerſe we behold, ariſes out of jarring Elements: *Diſcors Concordia fœtibus apta eſt*; the moſt raviſhing Harmony is compoſed of Diſcords. But when this Houſe raiſes a Structure, the noiſe of a Hammer muſt not be heard in the Building: when they ſet a Leſſon, it muſt be perfected out of *uniſons*. *Nemine contradicente*, is the Key for our Deſcants; and by a *Nemine contradicente*, *I* am commanded this Day to publiſh to your Grace, a

Dicite Iô Pæan, & Iô bis dicite Pæan.

Welcome,

Welcome, welcome, welcome, great Duke, is the Anthem appointed by the Houſe of Commons, for this great Feſtival: This is *Multum in parvo*; and according to that Rule, *Veritatis ſyllabas oportet eſſe breves*: This is above the Task of a ſingle Tongue; *Non mihi ſi centum Linguas, centum Oraq;*--- No, ſo many Faces as attend your Grace, are the Volumes in which this Record of *Welcome* is inrolled: Fleſh muſt be the Parchment, and Blood the Rubrick to Regiſter this Day; without *Errata*, or any *Index Expurgatorius*.

Our Prayers were, *You might come*; our Enquiries were, *When will He come?* our Joys muſt be compleat to welcome you, now you *are come*. The *Laconiſm* of *Cæſar*'s Letter I have heard admired; who wrote, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*: but, Sir, you may write much ſhorter, and much truer, *Vici*, onely: for ſo forcible an Operation hath your Vertues, that many worthy Perſons this Day, of whom you could not write either *Veni* or *Vidi*, have entertained an honourable Conteſt, who ſhould firſt Reſigne the Devotion of their Services to your Commands. So that I may ſay,

Hoc, Cœlo commune tibi eſt, Dux magne, Deiſq;
Diſtantem influxa poſſe ferire tuo.

I remember I thrice repeated your Graces Welcome: there is more of Logick then Rhe-

torick in it; for there are three Estates concerned in it: The Lords Spiritual have welcomed you to the Bosome of the Church: the Lords Temporal have welcomed you into the bed of Honour: the Commons do welcome you into the Receſſes of their Hearts, perfumed with Loyaltie to his Majeſtie, and with ſubmiſsive Affection to your Perſon. What hinders then, but that it be Enacted? But here I want expreſsion, when I conſider the divided Paſsions of our Soveraign in giving the Royal Aſſent. May it pleaſe your Majeſtie, you muſt either deny your Self, or deny us; and you have rather denied your Self, then you would deny us: you are contented (though under ſome Impatience) to want his Grace, rather then we ſhould want him under Deſpair. Then ſince we have the Royal Aſſent, let your Graces Welcome be Enacted, not by a temporary Act, but to continue to us and our Poſteritie. But what a crowd of Ingredients compound the preſent Conſiſtencie of our Joys! and even theſe have their juſt advantages. The Sun breaking forth from an impriſoning cloud, returns with a coveted light; and we are taught many times to inhanſe the value of former Enjoyments by their abſence: this weakneſs of our Judgement, being recompenſed with an improvement of our Affection. Thus when we conſider you exil'd from whatſoever might have yeelded you a Sublunary ſatisfaction;

when

when we consider you divorc'd from your Lady, whom Grace and Nature had fitted to transmit your Name and Honours to future Ages in an Issue like to you both; when we consider you ravisht from those large Hereditary Territories conveyed through the Chanels of ancient, pure and noble Bloud; and not onely thus divorc'd from *Rachel*, but espoused to *Leah*, to a blear-ey'd Condition; and for what Crimes? your Vertues were your Crimes: this is the imprisoning Cloud. But now to behold you breaking forth with Rays, Rays reflected from the Solar Aspect of his Majestie; Rays that awaken and call up the sleeping Vertue in the Roots of the several Interests in this Kingdom; Rays that gild the Church, Rays that we doubt not but will *segregare Heterogenea*, burn up Schisms, Heresies; and *congregare Homogenea*, wed Doctrine and Discipline: Rays that warm the Civil Government; Rays not contracted to the Cedars of *Lebanon*, but proportionably influencing the lowest Shrubs. What fitter Return for such general benefits, then the general Acknowledgement of all the Commons in this Kingdom?

But Sir, in the Van of Particulars, your Care of that Religion profess'd in your Mother-Church, opens our Arms, and encircles you in Embraces as fast and durable as those with which you embraced it: that Religion of which you use to say, *Illa*

Illa meos, primum quæ me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit, illa habeat ſecum ſervatq; Sepulchro.

And had we no other Inſtances of his Majeſties tenderneſs to this Kingdom, nor other Evidences of his religious Soul; this, even this ſingle Act were enough to confirm our Affections and Loyaltie, and to regulate our Imitation. We may well judge his Majeſtie expects us to write in a Canonical Hand, by ſending us over ſuch an Orthodox Copie.

Black-mouth'd *Detraction*, thou that feedeſt upon the Conſciences of Kings, and gnaweſt the breſts of great Miniſters of State, hide thy mouth in the duſt; this day thy Tragedie bears date: behold him placed over us by our Soveraign, upon whom Temptations in the Wilderneſs, in forraign parts, after many days Faſting in a Neceſsitated condition, left no other impreſſion then their Foam and Malice. And *Ireland*, hearken not unto unwarrantable Fears (if any ſuch be:) behold him, that in his ſingle perſon dared the French Cardinals power and rage, in reſcuing that Illuſtrious Prince, of freſh and glorious Memory, the Duke of *Glouceſter*, from the Snares laid for his tender years. What mayſt thou not now expect from him, armed with Power, fenc'd with Laws, and both deſigned bythe moſt Religious of Kings!

Nil deſperandum tali Duce, & auſpice tali.

Thus,

Thus, Sir, you arrived to us Commissioned from God: for, *them that honor him, he will honor them.* *Religion* hath an unseparable Companion, *Loyalty*: these are like *Ruth* and *Naomi*; *Whereseoever thou goest, I will go*: and God having joyned them in your Grace, *I* dare not separate them. This was *Ariadne's* Clue, that led you through all the Labyrinths and Vicissitudes of your life: this hath returned you to us with the same countenance and complexion, *sic oculos, sic ora ferebat*, as when you left us. *I* wonder at those that wonder at it: for how should the *face* alter, when the *heart* and noble parts retain their primitive healthful temper? how can Consumptive impressions seize that body, that keeps within it self a Feast, a Feast (with reverence *I* say it) dresst by Gods own hand: for your *good Conscience was a continual feast.* God preserved you, and reserved you for this day; therefore *your eye must not grow dim, or your natural heat decay.* Impregnable Castles, and Walls of Brass, are but Emblemes of this single Vertue.

The Poets feigned that *Jupiter*, the better to compass his Rapes, transformed himself into several Shapes:

Fit Taurus, Cygnus, Satyrus, Aurumq; ob amorem.

Let the Fable go; but the Moral holds, That

 the

the usurped Powers at Home, and confederated Powers Abroad, run all those Methamorphoses for the Triumph of a single Rape upon your Allegiance; and all in vain. If we listen to the Syrene-Air of their Promises and Invitations, they are Swans: if we consider the merit and weight of them, they are showres of Gold: they learnt the plausible Dialect from their Father, *All this will I give you, if you will fall down and worship.* If we reflect on their Menaces, and (which is more) their Practises, they appear in shapes more fierce and antick then Bulls and Satyrs. But your Grace made good by Practice, what deserves the praise of a Speculative Fancie: be pleased to attend it; it is the Epistle appointed by the House for this present day.

Justum & tenacem propositi virum
Non Civium ardor prava jubentium,
Non vultus instantis Tyranni
Mente quatit solida:--- Si fractus
Illabatur Orbis, impavidum
Ferient ruinæ.

Your Grace knew you were a Star of the first Magnitude in the Guards of *Charles his Wain*; and those must not be Erratick, but Fixt. Thus you are Commission'd from the King unto us; and then what shall be said, nay *what must be done to the man whom the King intends to honour?*

Now

Now be pleaſed to give us leave to lay aſide theſe general Topicks of Religion and Loyalty, and to recreate our ſelves with the Remembrance of thoſe Benefits we enjoyed under your Graces Government.

It was not ſtill Muſick, or Bonfires lighted for Triumph, that uſhered your Grace into your Government: No, it was the Warlike noiſe of Trumpets, ſounding of Drums, neighing of barbed Steeds, and the ſcreeches of the half-ſlain, that proclaimed your entrance upon a Stage of Bloud. And when you were thus but a Graduate in your Government, you were put upon terms of Diſadvantage and Neceſsity to diſpute with the Doctors of the Chair: for your Enemies wanted neither *Dolus*, or *Virtus*. And if we, who in a direct line partake of the prudence of your Counſels, and the ſucceſs of your Sword, ſhould be ſilent; even *England*, that is but collaterally intereſted, might, nay would upbraid our Ingratitude, ſince the Lords and Commons aſſembled in Parliament there, pregnant with the ſenſe of your merits, were humble Suitors to his late Majeſtie of ever-glorious memory, as an earneſt of his farther favours, to confer on you the Honour and Dignity of a Marqueſs: and that the riſe of that Honour might ſurvive to be at the inſtance of the Parliament in *England*, they preſented your Grace with a Jewel to be worn upon your breſt, the

better

better to direct the esteem of men to the inward Jewel, by the richnes of the Case.

Thus we enjoyed, in the heat of War, the shades of Peace, until fatal Divisions among our selves (and *a divided Kingdom cannot stand*) rent your Grace from us: and then, when *the Shepherd was smote*, how miserably were *the Sheep scattered?*

But when your Grace saw this Royal Vessel sinking, you leapt not into the Long-boat, to make provision for your own Safety: no, you made honourable and secure Articles for those that had imbarqued upon your account.

Many that stand here this day, that owe a lasting Sacrifice to your Pietie, whose age, wants, family-dependencies, or the like, onely accompanying your Grace with their Prayers, under the Lee of those Articles, in the continued violence of those Storms, embarqu'd themselves and their Fortunes.

And yet when the flagging Sayls carried you unwillingly from this Coast, when you lost the *sight*, yet you retained the *sense* of this Land. Length of time, or distance of place, could not abate the Intensiveness of your Spirits for this Kingdoms good. It is said, that upon the dissection of Queen *Mary*, in order to her Embalming, *Calis* was found written on her heart. I shall not dispute the truth: but sure this is, *Ireland* at your Graces departure was *ultimum moriens*,

riens, and upon your return *primum vivens*.

I ſhall paſs by that Familiar Reception your Grace afforded to the Commiſsioners of the General Convention of *Ireland*: (for the name of it, I can onely ſay, *Aliquiſque malo fuit uſus in illo*) neither ſhall I mention your frequent and ſteadable Advices, your conſtant Readineſs upon all occaſions to bring them into his Majeſties preſence. I forbear your Graces paſsionate and repeated Queſtions, *How little Benjamin did? How all things were in Ireland? Whether the old man were living? How our Fundamental Laws were adminiſtred?* And in the concluſion of all, how careful you were to return us *with our moneys in our ſacks mouths*, with his Majeſties gracious Declaration and Inſtructions: ſo that the Addreſſes from this Kingdom, went out like *the bowe of Jonathan*, that *never returned empty*. Witneſs the Addreſs from this Houſe by their Commiſsioners to his ſacred Majeſtie, in reference (amongſt other things) to that great Bill of *Settlement*, (for that adopted title it retains.)

Sir, I am not this day ſpeaking of his Majeſtie: we ſtill premiſe, *Rex nobis hæc otia fecit*; of him we ſay, *Omnium domus illius vigilia defendit, omnium otium illius labor, omnium delitias illius induſtria, omnium vacationem illius occupatio*. His Majeſty is the Spirit that moves the Wheels, and we are now upon one of the Maſter-Wheels: and happie is the Kingdom, when the

Wheels move as the Spirit moves. His Majestie is the Waters of Healing; and we applaud a Tutelar Angel that stirr'd the Waters, and helpt in this Paralytical Kingdom, in the crowd of Patients.

And here give me leave to remember the *five-fold mess* of your time that you afforded *Benjamin*. Did the morning require your Graces attending in Parliament? *Ireland* must be first served. Did afternoon-Committees pray in aid to your advice? *Ireland* must be first served. Were there particular Causes designed for hearing at the Council-Board? you have successfully employed your Mediation that *Ireland* might be first served. When Clauses and Provisoes were offered to be inserted in that great Bill, your first care was to see if they were Declaration-touch; and held them up before it, as the Eagle, to try the legitimation of her brood, dares their eyes with the Sun-beams. And in the throng of such Addresses, I have observed your Grace in Civility to *hear* all persons, but in Justice to *see* none. And if upon pretensions of profit, any intrenchments upon the Declaration had been offered, your Grace knowing the nature of your great Masters Standard, wherein a C[illegible] of Honour out-weighed pounds of Profit, you endeavoured to transmit the Bill as a seamless Coat.

And now, Sir, I need not have recourse to any

any Rhetorical Figure to make that great Bill to ſpeak. Your Grace may take notice, that as many days you waited upon it, ſo it hath to this day waited upon your Grace. It remembers how often when it was in the Cradle and Swadling-bands you viſited it. It remembers when it was in the ſtate of its Minority, and under a Committee of the Council-Board, how faithful and tender a Guardian you were to it. It remembers how powerfully inſtrumental you were to give it a Body, and now waits until your Grace by the Royal Aſſent breathe a Soul into it.

It is now time to take in my Sayls, and make ready an Anchor, eſpecially ſince methinks I ſee a Cloud riſing upon your brow. I know your Graces Temper, That you place your Reward, as well as your Recreation, in doing good, and not in hearing of it being done. But be pleaſed to remember, it is the Commons of this Kingdom ſpeak; and then *Vox populi*, nay more, *Vox populi Dei*, is *Vox Dei*. As they are the great Enqueſt to preſent Criminals, ſo they are the great Records to preſerve Vertue and Merits. Could your Grace have been contented to have acted leſs, my Commiſsion would have been to have ſaid leſs: but it is fit we give your Grace an Eſſay of that Obedience that ſo unanimouſly we devote to your Commands; and therefore *I* ſhall onely add, That as this Houſe

muſt

Leaves 9 to the end wanting

most submissively acknowledgeth the repeated Obligations from his Majesty; so they look upon this as the Fermentation of them all, That he hath put those Laws and Estates he hath graciously bestowed on us, under your Graces Government and Protection: And that while it shall seem expedient to his Majesty to continue us in a Parliamentary way, his Majesty shall finde the Effects of his great Wisdom and Goodness, in giving your Grace unto us, a Governour after our own hearts. That so, as we have been happie in your Grace, your Grace may be happie in us; and the union of both these, centre in the ever-prayed-for Happiness of his Majestie and his other Kingdoms.

30 July.

ORdered, (nemine contradicente) *that the* SPEECH *delivered by Mr. Speaker yesterday, to his Grace* James *Duke of* Ormond, *Lord Lieutenant of this Kingdom, (being so fully agreeable to the sense of this House) be forthwith Printed and Published.*

Nor-

8